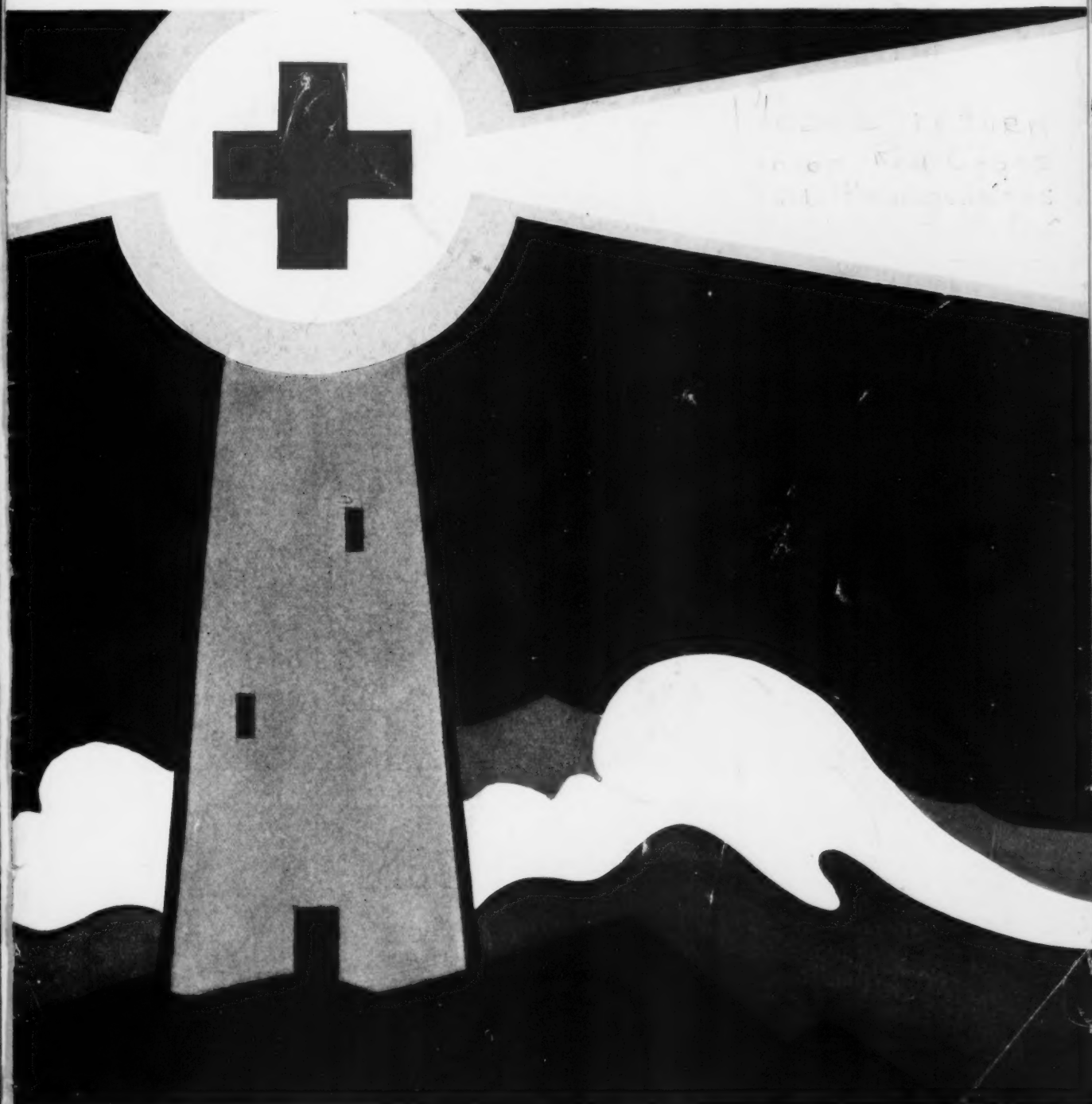


American
JUNIOR RED CROSS
May 1931 **NEWS** *"I Serve"*



1881

Fiftieth Anniversary

1931



Vixen and Cubs

CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

The Teacher's Guide

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The May News in the School

The Classroom Index

Art:

"Peter of Cortona," "Vixen and Cubs" (frontispiece).

Civics:

"The Mermaid"—This delightful sketch by our favorite story-teller and artist may serve as a lead to other interesting things in literature of Ireland.

English:

"Vixen and Cubs"—The frontispiece might be an illustration for Lew Sarett's "Four Little Foxes." You will remember the lines—

"Her feet within a trap, her blood upon the snow,

The four little foxes saw their mother go . . .

"Go lightly, Spring, oh, give them no alarm;

When I covered them with boughs to shelter them from harm,

The thin, blue foxes suckled at my arm."

(From *Slow Smoke*, Henry Holt & Co.)

Geography:

Albania—"The Calendar story for May.

Australia—"An Australian Lullaby."

Austria—"Goodwill Day in Vienna."

Ireland—"The Mermaid."

Japan—"From Cherry Blossom Land." An interesting letter from Cherry Blossom Land to the Lantana-Hypoxylon School in Florida mentions a number of points of friendly contact—

"DEAR AMERICAN FRIENDS:

"We wish to thank you so much for your very kind letter and beautiful portfolio. We are going to keep your work as our school treasure.

"We read about the President of the United States with great interest. Most Japanese students are familiar with Washington, Monroe, Roosevelt and Wilson. Portraits of these famous Presidents are placed on the walls of our schools and public buildings. We are also deeply impressed to hear that you are helping the disabled veterans. We believe it is one of the finest activities of the Junior Red Cross.

"We certainly are glad to have such good friends in America. Your excellent work really inspired us and we are going to send better work to you next time. We all send best wishes and hope you will have good health.

Your Japanese Friends,

TAKEDA JUNIOR RED CROSS."

Labrador—"Labrador Notes," by Grenfell.

Italy—"Peter of Cortona."

Nature:

"Vixen and Cubs," "Little Tinkletum's Birthday Party."

Primary Grades:

"An Australian Lullaby," and "Little Tinkletum's Birthday Party."

Material for the Fiftieth Anniversary

This issue is a special anniversary number to be used in connection with the study of the American Red Cross for the preparation of a program to celebrate its Golden Anniversary. Features of particular usefulness are "The Story of the Red Cross," "Clara

Barton and the Red Cross Family," and the "Fiftieth Anniversary Program."

The program outlined need not be given entire; some of the numbers may be omitted or combined. It may be simplified or adapted to the pupils' ages when given by a single school. The suggestions for costumes may be ignored, if too much work is involved in providing them; if they can be suggested even partially, they will add a pleasing touch of pageantry.

The time-limit suggested for talks is designed to guide in proportion and emphasis. It should be remembered that this anniversary is of fifty years' growth of the AMERICAN RED CROSS, in the period since the United States signed the treaty of Geneva. The period preceding 1882 is covered in the brief prologue. Part II of the program proper is more significant than Part I, and is allotted more time.

The celebration is planned as a community project for pupils from the fifth grade through the senior high school. Topics may be divided as research assignments among pupils, committees or classes. If all the schools of the city or county are to come together for a spring rally, each school may be assigned one number, and the different parts of the program fitted into an impressive commemoration.

The simplest and most comprehensive history of the Red Cross is Pickett's *The American National Red Cross*. Others may be available in local libraries. The work of the Sanitary Commission and other information on care of the wounded in the Civil War may be found in United States histories. A photograph of "Rose Percy" with her story was given in the April JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS; the story of Clara Barton and a historical article, "The Story of the Red Cross," are told in this issue. There are an article on Judge Payne and a student-written article on the history of the American Red Cross in the May JUNIOR RED CROSS JOURNAL. The article "Makers of the Junior Red Cross," in the January JUNIOR RED CROSS JOURNAL is also useful; and the material in the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS, TEACHER'S GUIDE and *High School Service*, for September and October, 1927, if these are on file, summarizes the first ten years of the American Junior Red Cross.

Reference to Jane Delano will be found in *The History of American Red Cross Nursing* and information can probably be obtained from the local Red Cross Chapter, nurses and hospital training schools. The March 16, 1931, issue of the *Red Cross Courier* has an admirable story of her work. The songs listed will be sent free to any school or chapter on request; and if difficulty is met in connection with any of the topics, National or Branch Headquarters may be able to supply data. A pageant, "Fifty Years of Service," by Marie Moore Forrest, will be sent free on request.

Developing Calendar Activities for May

World Goodwill Day

THE material for the Fiftieth Anniversary of the American Red Cross is appropriate also for use in connection with World Goodwill Day; for the Red Cross movement throughout the world has been based upon the ideal of international humanity. The editorial "Goodwill Day in Vienna," in this month's JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS, gives new Junior Red Cross material. Book reviews in the March TEACHER'S GUIDE pointed to new sources of poetic material.

The effectiveness of active goodwill experience is illustrated in a letter sent last fall from Ohio.

"The Junior Red Cross of Franklin County shipped 150 Christmas boxes to New York today. The schools enjoyed the project exceedingly and a fine emotion went into the packing. The Westerville School sent in each box a photograph of the children in the room, which makes the contact very intimate. Last year the Clinton School received two boxes from Latvia. I can't tell you how much those boxes contributed in joy, in freeing their imaginations, in world friendship. The Junior Red Cross is an effective agency in establishing friendly relations among children of different nations and the Junior NEWS is helpful, too."

As always, an important phase of education for international friendship is the development of courtesy towards the foreign-born in our own nation. The following letters culled from albums sent to other countries by United States schools hold much of interest.

Of Lithuania:

"I am a little girl from Lithuania. I came to America on a big boat. I am nine years old. I am in the second grade. When I came from my far away country I could not speak nor read English. Now I can do both. My brother came to America last Saturday. I was glad to see him. He is going to learn to read and speak English too."

Of Italy:

"My name is Eugene Cornacchia. I was born in the village of Monteleone, Italy, September 24, 1917. I came to America January, 1927. I entered the Main Street School. Then I didn't know a word of English, and now after attending this school for a year I have learned to speak English pretty well and can read English books."

Of Greece:

"I was born in Greece. My grandmother's house is made of stones. It stands on a little cliff. The porch has many kinds of grapes clinging to it. My grandmother owns the whole house. From my grandmother's house are stairs leading to the seashore. My grandfather's yacht Macedonia is down at the seashore. The house is a lonely house, but a gorgeous view can be seen at sundown."

Of Russia:

"I was in Russia about a half a year ago. The people are very poor in Russia. There aren't many cities there. The roofs are covered with straw. In most of the cities and villages there aren't any sidewalks. Some people are so poor that they can't even buy any shoes, so they walk barefooted both summer and winter. In America it is all very different. In Germany it is just like in America. Bremen is a very nice city in Germany. In Latvia the people are poorer. Riga is a nice city also."

The Growth of Peace

THE FIGHT FOR PEACE. By Devere Allen. Macmillan Company, New York, 1930, \$5.00.

In a remarkable résumé of peace movements since 1815 the human bases of the urge to living peaceably with one's fellowmen are made clear. The movement of church, education, labor and political groups

toward the ideal are traced and modern international machinery for pacific adjustment of difficulties is described and analyzed. If the beginning tends toward discouragement the outlook of the book is constructive as the title of the final chapter "Creative Peace" would indicate. A book for use of teachers, school people, and all who wish their efforts to be built upon intelligent understanding, it is a scholarly and readable achievement.

A Gallant Young Kansan

BLACK CHERRIES. By Grace Stone Coates. Alfred A. Knopf. New York. 1931.

"Because of something that happened," the tree on which the black cherries grew became a symbol of "the disquieting twilight which haunts unhappy dreams—the shadow that prevents any dream from being happy." Yet the child heroine of this story of Kansas moved through life with a rare joyousness in spite of poverty that led the brave women of her community to propose decking out a dead peach tree as a church Christmas tree for the children—a tragedy averted by the heroine's father, who sacrificed his Eastern newspaper for a year, in order to buy a real tree, with tapers to trim it; in spite of the hailstorm's destruction of the perfect harvest of a year's toil; in spite of a darkening realization of the wrecked lives of her family. Life was cruel, but it was never common. "Against our childhood wrongs I set this," says the heroine, "that our casual family conversation never descended to the level of our neighbors' clothesline!" Her instinctive knowledge is made articulate by the legacy of her mother's final words: "No life holds so little it were better not to have lived."

The sectional background, though never obtrusive, is important. But more important is the delicate art with which the author enters into the mind of her chief character. Probably somewhere in the course of the sensitive stories, every reader will find himself a child, looking through the grave, cool eyes of the child who tells the tale. Thankful and vehemently sure that there remain few such teachers as one in this story, teachers today will still be grateful for deepened insight into a child's mind.

And after it all, one remembers with a smile the tired thirteen-year old whose gay little red hat toppled into her ten-cent dish of soup; the brave younger sister who smiled into her eyes to keep her from seeing the tittering couple across the restaurant; and the marvel of a French waitress, murmuring in respectful tones: "I shall bring Madame another plate of soup. There will be no charge—and let me brush Madame's hat and hang it by the mirror, where she can see easily to put it on."

A Trip Abroad—Make-Believe or Real

On the June page of the CALENDAR you will find the suggestion that pupils take make-believe foreign tours by reading books recommended by librarians and teachers. Among up-to-date travel books that will give young readers authentic information of other countries the *Burton Holmes Travel Stories* are especially attractive. Their emphasis is on traits of
(Continued on page 3)

Junior Red Cross in Small Schools

Rural Schools in Social Life

THE part that may be played in community or national social welfare by members of the Junior Red Cross is actively illustrated by the schools of Prince George's County, Maryland. The following report of this year's work was made by Miss Maude A. Gibbs, County Superintendent and Junior Red Cross Chairman.

"Fifty-two out of a total of sixty-one elementary schools, and one high school, have re-enrolled in the Prince George's Chapter of the Junior Red Cross for the new year. In order to become a member or to retain membership in the organization, each classroom is required to contribute fifty cents. This entitled the room to a year's subscription to the Junior Red Cross monthly magazine, a splendid CALENDAR, a school-room poster, a classroom enrollment blank, and the membership buttons. The magazine is one of the finest periodicals published for children, and the CALENDAR is much more valuable than its name implies. All of this is given at a cost of less than two cents a year per pupil.

"The primary purpose of the Junior Red Cross is not to raise money but to promote friendship through service. It does, however, contribute in many instances where children have been harmed by disaster. The Prince George's Chapter has helped in the past three years in such disasters, as the southern Maryland hurricane, the Porto Rican hurricane, and the Florida hurricane and flood. It has also sent Christmas boxes to foreign countries and participated in various other projects.

"Besides the funds already mentioned, the Prince George's Chapter has for two years, including the present, contributed towards a local Service Fund. The purpose of this fund is to help in extreme emergencies in our own county, where children are concerned. The need did not seem great last year, and we had on hand at the beginning of this year \$31.50. Realizing that we must inevitably have many calls this year, the children were asked early in the fall to contribute all they could to this fund. At the same time, desiring to be unselfish, we decided that regardless of how much we raised for this fund, we would contribute one-fourth of the total amount to the National Children's Fund, which is maintained by the Junior Red Cross for most excellent purposes.

"Previous to the Christmas holidays, a letter was sent out by the Junior Red Cross Chairman containing the names of the families known by the county field workers to be especially needy. The names and ages of the children in these families were given, and the Junior clubs were told that they might choose the family from the list to whom they would send a Christmas box including a suitable Christmas gift to each child member. The clubs responded whole-heartedly, and in every instance each family had a number of boxes bountifully packed with not only toys and Christmas stockings, but food such as canned fruits and vegetables, fresh fruits, potatoes, ham, etc., as well as much good clothing. Besides these families the Mt. Olivet Children's Orphanage was sent many gifts."

Outdoor Citizenship

The Jessie Run School, Cox's Mills, West Virginia, described their citizenship activities in a letter included in a foreign correspondence album:

"DEAR RED CROSS JUNIORS:

"We want to tell you a little about our Junior Red Cross work. Our school is small so our organization is not a large one, but we try to carry the Red Cross spirit into all our work.

"We all work together in keeping our school lawn free from papers and bits of trash, in keeping our school-room clean, and in keeping the flower cans filled with fresh flowers. When autumn turned the leaves this year, we kept brightly colored leaves in the flower cans.

"Each day we try to do at least one kind act for someone younger or older than ourselves. We have a num-

ber of health rules which we follow, and our room is made more attractive by health posters, which serve as a reminder as well as a decoration. Each month we are weighed to see if we are gaining as we should, and the result is recorded on a chart.

"We try to carry the Red Cross spirit into our school organizations for teamwork and fair play. If you have a Junior Red Cross—and we are sure you have—don't fail to tell us about it, please."

A Well-Rounded Program

One of the delegates at the National Convention a year ago reported an exceptionally well-balanced service program for the Blue Ridge Industrial School, Greene County, Virginia.

"Our school, both grammar and high, is one hundred percent Red Cross. Our Chapter Organization consists of a chairman, high school council, president, vice president, secretary, and treasurer. The Red Cross Chapter meets every three weeks in the auditorium for a forty minute period. The Council meets the following day.

"We have no difficulty in getting our members to participate in the work. Each class has a Red Cross CALENDAR and Junior Red Cross magazine to arouse their enthusiasm and keep us in touch with the international and national work. Our Chapter is eleven years old and has given both local and national service each year.

"Every December we have a bazaar, selling articles made by the members, both the primary and the high school grades. At this bazaar we also give a play and charge admission. The proceeds of this bazaar we send as our contribution to the National Children's Fund.

"For our local service work last summer the boys built a rock swimming pool which enabled many of the children to learn to swim. This is one of the points our CALENDAR stressed. We also gave a drama which netted \$15.00. This spring we are holding monthly clean-up days. Every Red Cross member has taken his part. The grade children are holding a health campaign.

"We have also adopted the veterans' hospital at Oteen, North Carolina, to which we are sending a pair of canaries to cheer the occupants. We purpose to send Christmas boxes to this hospital.

"Another project we have is making a portfolio which we are going to send to an Indian school in Wyoming. Each class is taking its share in the making of this portfolio."

(Continued from page 2)

human nature that are universal whatever the nation or race and the aim appears definitely to develop a tolerance based on understanding. There are comparisons of geographic and commercial conditions among the countries and readable sections on child life. Pictorial illustrations are plentiful. The series, published by The Wheeler Publishing Company, Chicago, includes Japan, Egypt, China and Italy.

The League of Red Cross Societies, 2, Avenue Velasquez, Paris, is pleased to welcome teachers or other persons interested in the Junior Red Cross movement who may be traveling in Europe during the summer. A letter from the Director says, "We would be very happy to welcome, for a few days in our office, anyone who may be traveling in Europe and sufficiently interested in the Junior Red Cross" to care to spend a brief period in a study visit of this sort. "We would do anything in our power to make their visits as profitable as possible." The office of The League of Red Cross Societies has a remarkable body of source interest on the growth of world friendship among children.

Fitness for Service for May

Health and Service

SCHOOLS in the Philippine Islands are in session during the months that schools in the States are having vacation. The Junior Class of the Vigan High School wrote to Concordia College, Moorhead, Minnesota, of their activities.

"DEAR FRIENDS:

"We have never met each other face to face, and we may never meet; however, I have a message of friendship that I wish to send to you. I wish to send you greetings from my people, the Ilocanos, who occupy the northwestern plains along the coast of the China Sea, in the Island of Luzon, Philippines.

"I am going to write to you about our Junior Red Cross and its activities, for you may not have heard or known that we, like you Americans, have a Junior Red Cross organization. We in the Philippine Islands enjoy the benefits of the society, and we, too, make our small contribution every year.

"The Red Cross organization is the most popular society in the world and it is the most popular in the Philippines. The Red Cross helps humanity in peace and war. The Philippines Chapter of the American Red Cross was established in the islands a few years after the American occupation. The Junior Red Cross organization, a branch of the Red Cross, is made up of all the public school children in the islands. Every student, from the first grade up, is a member of this society, and all are proud of the opportunity given them to do their bit.

"Vigan, the capital of Ilocos Sur, is taking a very active part in the promotion of this society. The public school children of Vigan are very enthusiastic in promoting the work of the society for the welfare of our own people as well as for others. Every year, each student contributes thirty centavos to the Red Cross fund. This contribution is not required, but the students, realizing the good done by the Red Cross, feel it a pride and a privilege to give some help. To show how zealous the students are to contribute, they try to earn the contribution themselves. They are willing to make sacrifices, by cutting down on unnecessary expenses to save thirty centavos. In August of every year, every student is ready to give his contribution. The classes compete with each other. Every class tries to get a hundred percent membership earlier than the rest. In that way, contributions are collected in a very short time. The teachers help in collecting by giving insights of the good that the Red Cross does. When explained to those who are ignorant of the fact that the Red Cross sends dentists, doctors and nurses every year to treat them, they are more than willing to do their bit. They soon realize that by being members of the Red Cross, they are not only helping to relieve the misery of others, but are helping themselves. One more fact which shows the willingness of the students to help is that every one takes pride in wearing his or her Red Cross pin. The parents of the students are as interested in Red Cross as their

children. When their children ask for money, they give it to them willingly. They, too, realize that the Red Cross society is doing good for everyone.

"Every year, lectures are delivered to every citizen of Vigan, teaching them how to clean their surroundings, houses and bodies. Pamphlets are issued to show the people how their children's money is used. The Red Cross sends its dentists to the schools every year to clean, extract and fill teeth, sends its doctors and nurses to teach cleanliness and health habits. This work the Red Cross does for the children of Vigan; in return they all make a small contribution.

"The Junior Red Cross organization of Vigan sends its little hoardings to help, through the Red Cross, those who are in need. However small its fund is, it shows the interest of Vigan students. The good that the organization does for Vigan is more than the part done by the students and people. The Junior Red Cross has done much for the physical and economic development of Vigan.

"I hope that this short message from me will help in creating a little closer feeling of kinship, a little better understanding between us, as members of the same organization even though of a different race."

Teeth and Nutrition

Dorothy Bonar, Red Cross Nutritionist for Fayette County, Indiana, reported progress in nutrition work among the children.

"As 'Teeth' was the subject being given by the School Nurse this month, the nutritionist talked on 'Food for our Teeth.' This was the subject for the month not only in the city schools, but also in the county schools, as a number of the children there were not giving their teeth proper attention. There seems a decided gain in the amount of milk for school lunches in the county. One boy was so insistent that he finally got his father to buy a cow and every day proudly brings his bottle of milk for lunch. This boy is especially interested in the growth of his baby brother. The children at this school publish their own paper and put in about the work they do in health nutrition and physical training. The nutritionist, nurse, and physical training teacher are working on a May Day program that will include all the children of the grade schools. A special part of the program is to be given over to the children on the Health Honor Roll. The children must have ten points to qualify, one being on nutrition. Four talks were given this month, one to a group of parents at one of the county school meetings. After this meeting, many of the fathers had questions to ask, not only concerning the children, but also about their own individual food problems. One of the teachers has invited parents to visit the children's general summary lesson in nutrition."

The Washington Bicentennial

The George Washington Bicentennial Commission has prepared historical material for the use of schools in 1931-32. Of special helpfulness is the pamphlet "Programs for the Nationwide Celebration of the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of George Washington," which may be secured free by addressing the Commission at the Washington Building, Washington, D. C.

The Story of the Red Cross

VIRGINIA McBRYDE

IT IS early morning of June 24, 1859. The plains of Lombardy are alive with marching men. Bugles blow, drums beat, banners wave, horses bearing smartly uniformed officers dash here and there. Soon 150,000 French and Italian troops will cross the plain and face the Austrian forces stationed on the hills, 170,000 strong. In the clear morning light the black and yellow standards of the Austrians make a brave showing.

The brilliant equipment of the French lancers and dragoons glitters in the sun.

The battle begins. The crack troops of Napoleon III of France, fighting side by side with the best soldiers of Victor Emmanuel of Sardinia for a united Italy, advance through plantations of mulberry trees interlaced with tangling vines. From the heights shot and shell rain down upon them from the splendid army of young Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria.

Battalions are cut down, others take their places. The sun grows hotter and hotter. The French troops have had only coffee and nothing to eat. There is no time for food now. They kill and are killed. All day long this continues. Gradually the French and Italians take the heights from the Austrians. The dead and wounded cover the plain and choke the ravines.

Towards evening dense clouds gather, a great wind rises, a cloudburst of cold rain and hail beats and drenches the exhausted troops. The Austrians at last give way and retreat. After fifteen hours of slaughter, the battle of Solfe-



Signing the Red Cross treaty at Geneva, 1863

rino is over. The French and Italians have won.

Victory! But at what a price! For when night came more than 50,000 men lay dead, dying or wounded on the blood-soaked field. Was it worth so much? What can be done to lessen all this terrible agony that echoes and re-echoes in cries and groans through the darkness? These were the questions that a young Swiss gentleman was asking himself as he went about trying to do what

he could for the sufferers. All day he had watched the battle from a hilltop. The shouts of "The enemy retreats! The French have won!" gave him no thrill of joy. This young Henri Dunant was a neutral, and felt only relief that the awful carnage was ended. And now he must do what he could to help.

Help was indeed needed. The wretched victims on the field of Solferino were almost entirely without any medical care. To their dreadful pain was added hunger and thirst. And, with the day, the sun beat down with merciless heat.

Filled with pity and horror, Henri Dunant, who had all his life been interested in helping the poor, the weak and the suffering, went about the village of Castiglione gathering up volunteers to help him care for the wounded. The peasant women banded themselves together under his leadership. Soon the big church of the village housed five hundred wounded men, while a hundred more were being cared for in the park outside.

At first the Italians held back from giving aid to the wounded Austrians. "We will not help our enemies," they said.

"No, no!" said Henri Dunant to them. "Can these pitiful, bleeding wrecks, crying in agony, be enemies now? An enemy wounded is an enemy no longer."

And before long those good women were helping both friend and foe and saying, like Dunant, "*Tutti fratelli*," "All are brothers." And so until the worst was over and the men were as well taken care of as he could hope for, Henri Dunant worked on, going from place to place on the battlefield and helping to organize the volunteer nurses and to do all in his power for the sufferers.

If he had done no more than this, Henri Dunant would have deserved to be remembered. But he did far, far more, for out of his experience there came to him the idea of the Red Cross. Such scenes as those at Solferino must never come again, he thought. To keep them from being repeated, every country should have bodies of trained people ready in time of war to offer their services to the armies. These should be neutral bands of mercy prepared to ease the sufferings of the men of either side.

All this, with the story of the terrible days and nights after Solferino, Dunant put into a little book called "The Souvenir of Solferino." Soon this "cry of a great and noble heart" had been translated into every language of the civilized world.

Dunant gave himself up to getting the heads of governments to adopt his idea. He visited kings and princes and generals and war ministers. Some of them thought him foolish, some said that, if he made war less terrible by aiding the victims, he would help to keep wars going on forever, some believed that his idea was good and should be tried out.

It succeeded. In 1863 an international conference met at Geneva and drew up the plans for his society. They decided that out of compliment to Switzerland, Dunant's country, its emblem was to be the Swiss flag with colors reversed, that is, a red cross on a white ground. And that was the beginning of "humanity's flag," the sight of which has ever since meant so much to suffering men and women and chil-

dren all the world over in time of distress.

By 1868, thirty-three nations had organized Red Cross societies and were registered with the International Committee of the Red Cross at Geneva. The story of how Clara Barton got the American Red Cross on the list is told elsewhere in this issue.

It had been Henri Dunant's idea that the societies organized to provide trained workers for their armies in time of war should also "render great service at the time of epidemics, floods, great fires and other unexpected catastrophes." And this is just what the Red Cross societies have done again and again.

As soon as it was organized, our American Red Cross found that its help was needed for the victims of great forest fires in Michigan. In the following years it rendered aid to sufferers from floods on the Mississippi and Ohio rivers. After a great storm and tidal wave swept Galveston in 1900, the Red Cross was there to help. When San Francisco's great fire followed an earthquake there

in 1906, the Red Cross was able immediately to turn the help of the whole country in money and supplies to the stricken city.

The relief work in San Francisco was the first big task undertaken by our Red Cross. Until 1905, it had not been very well organized and had no official connection with the government. In that year, President Roosevelt approved a charter which made it the American National Red Cross with the backing of the United States government. The President of the United States is now always the President of the American National Red Cross as well. The charter laid down certain definite duties for the Red Cross to fulfill in our national life. These duties the Red Cross now tries to carry out in peace time and in war time.

Of course, the big test came when the United States entered the World War. And if you want to get some idea of how important the Red Cross is to any country and how great was Henri Dunant's idea, just try to imagine what the horrors of that horrible war would have been without the help of these societies.

Take only our side of it. Think of the millions of men and women and children who were enrolled in the American National Red Cross.



Henri Dunant

Of course, only comparatively few of these were trained and could go to the fighting front, yet through the Red Cross all can help. Think of the millions of dollars, the shiploads of garments, the thousands of dozens of bandages, the scores and scores of comfort bags and other things provided by the willing hands at home for the men fighting overseas. Then think of those enlisted by the Red Cross to help in the camps and hospitals both here and abroad. When our men went into training camps all over this country and then on to France, Red Cross workers at the railway stations and ports looked after their needs.

The regular Army and Navy staffs had not enough nurses and surgeons to meet the needs. But they knew they could depend on the Red Cross, organized to be ready for just such an emergency. The Red Cross turned over to the government forty-five base hospital units, with all their equipment, even to the thermometers. It had enrolled 18,000 trained nurses, eager to serve. It supplied 47 ambulance companies with 4,760 men, 564 ambulances and 141 trucks.

As the desperately wounded men were carried from the trenches, often the first dressing applied was one made by women at home in some Red Cross workroom. Besides the nurses, Red Cross canteen women were waiting at many field hospitals, even under fire, and their coffee, chocolate, eggs or fruit, brought up at nobody knew how much risk and trouble, frequently saved the lives of men too weak for other food. On the long, painful train journey back to the base hospitals, canteen women came on board at the stops to serve and cheer the men. Convalescent soldiers or tired nurses could find a little fun or rest in the recreation huts. How different was this from Solferino!

Through the International Red Cross Committee at Geneva, the Red Cross societies of the Allies could send packages of food and clothing to prisoners in seventy-two camps of the enemy countries. The countries at war with the Allies could do likewise for *their* men imprisoned in France and elsewhere. Lucky Switzerland was neutral and the International Committee takes no sides, for it represents all sides. Through the Geneva Committee, too, the Red Cross societies of the different warring countries were able to find the whereabouts of thousands of their wounded and missing men.

Then at last came Armistice Day, November 11, 1918. Troop ship after troop ship sailed home again from France. Day and night at the ports Red Cross canteen women served the returning men. Our own wounded, gassed and shell-

shocked soldiers were sent to base hospitals and later to our system of Veterans' Hospitals, and the Red Cross nurses who had served in the Army went back to their regular jobs. But Red Cross workers still have a great deal to do in helping the veterans and their families.

After the war the American Red Cross helped to feed, nurse and shelter thousands of the starving, tubercular and refugee people in the war-ruined countries of Europe. You know already the story of how the school children of the United States had a splendid share in this work. For on September 15, 1917, after more and more classes had undertaken Red Cross activities, President Wilson proclaimed the formation of the American Junior Red Cross in the schools. Eleven million boys and girls were soon members. They made 15,722,073 articles for soldiers, sailors and hospitals and contributed more than \$3,000,000. When peace came the Juniors were unwilling to disband, and they have kept going ever since.

Today more than 4,000,000 men and women and 7,340,000 boys and girls belong to the American National Red Cross. Our Red Cross works through chapters scattered all over the United States, in Porto Rico, in Alaska, in Hawaii, in the Philippines. Now every day all the year round, somewhere in this country of ours, Red Cross Public Health Nurses are helping sick people and giving lessons on how to stay well; other Red Cross workers are giving lessons in Nutrition, First Aid, Swimming and Life Saving; still others are giving courses in Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick, so that people may know what to do in caring for their babies or making sick members of the family more comfortable. All the time the Red Cross keeps on its rolls the names of hundreds of well-trained nurses who have promised to come forward to help when there is a special need.

On an average, the Red Cross helps the victims in one hundred disasters of flood or fire or storm a year. Its Disaster Service is always ready to answer the call for help. It is like a sort of national fire department, and is just as necessary in our national life as any fire department ever was in a town or city. It acts for the American people. When disasters come, such as the great Mississippi flood or the terrific hurricane of 1928, or the drought of last summer, the thousands of people who want to help, turn over their money to the Red Cross. And the Red Cross spends it in the ways it has learned by experience to be the best to aid the sufferers.

In every civilized country the great Red Cross of the world works on. Millions are banded together "under humanity's flag."

Peter of Cortona

Illustrations by Lois K. Hartzell

A SMALL boy seven or eight years old presented himself one day in the studio of the well-known artist and decorator, Andrea Comodi, in Florence, and asked for the master himself.

"Sir," said the boy, "I beg your pardon for coming here, but I feel myself quite lost in this great city, where I don't know anybody. My parents told me that I should address myself to you on my arrival, because you are a great artist and a kind-hearted man."

"My name is Pietro Beretini and I came quite alone from Cortona. My parents have not the means to nourish me, and they sent me here, where they thought I could earn my living. I love art and I should be the happiest boy in the world, if you would agree to take me as your pupil, to give me lodging. . . ."

Andrea Comodi raised his hands in great astonishment.

"Comodi's pupil! You, my boy? Do you think that I take pupils just out of the cradle? Moreover, I can not give you lodging; there is no place for you. All the corners of my studio are occupied by my old pupils, who would not be pleased to have you for a companion. I regret it very much, but really I can not do as you ask. Try to find something else. . . ."

Poor Pietro could not hold back the tears, and his sorrow touched Comodi.

"Wait," said the artist, "don't despair, my child; I will not let you die of hunger. You look like a clever boy. I will take you as my apprentice. . . . You shall prepare the colors and clean brushes. Try to be useful."

Years passed. Perhaps Pietro would have



"Let me see what you have drawn, little scullion," said the Cardinal

Living with artists, you will perhaps become an artist, too. For your services I will feed you and give you my old clothes. As for your lodgings, you will find them in one of the buildings on the estate of the Cardinal Sameti. There are large stables, laundries and store-houses where you can find a place, surely. Go there at once, and begin your work tomorrow. Good-bye."

From that day little Pietro's life was divided between Comodi's studio and Cardinal Sameti's kitchen. In the kitchen he found friendly little scullions who received him kindly into their company. One of them offered to share his room with the newcomer, who accepted with gratitude. The two became fast friends.

A part of the day Pietro spent at his master's, preparing colors and doing hundreds of tasks which had no connection with art, and in the evening, clad as a scullion, he helped his friends in order to thank them. He gave them sometimes small drawings that he had made.

Years passed. Perhaps Pietro would have

—From French N. P.



"I should be the happiest boy in the world if you would take me as your pupil."

cleaned brushes, heated stoves and washed dishes all his life, if Cardinal Sameti had not one day come down to the kitchen. It is wise for every master to go to the kitchen from time to time; he can find many interesting things there. The story does not tell whether the Cardinal found all in order, but it says that he came unexpectedly upon little Pietro at the moment when he had finished drawing a picture of his friend.

"Eh, scullion," the Cardinal said, "do you think that my kitchen is your studio? It would be better if you took care of the roast instead of spoiling paper with your drawings. Let me see what you have drawn."

The poor boy, blushing with shame and fear, sure that the Cardinal would drive him away, gave him his work murmuring something in his defense. But instead of growing angry, the Cardinal smiled with pleasure.

"It is very good," he said to the child. "Come with me to my study. I have some questions to ask you."

And before all the cooks and other servants of the great kitchens, who were looking on, frightened and excited, Cardinal Sameti took Pietro by the hand and led him away.

Pietro Beretini never came back to the kitchen, except perhaps to inspect his own, in later years. Cardinal Sameti, who was a man of learning and a good prophet, understood at once that the humble scullion had a great talent. Being a kind and noble-hearted man, he decided to take charge of the boy's education.

He sent Pietro to Rome to the famous Florentine artist, Boccaccio Carpi, who gave him tasks which were much more interesting than those which Comodi had given him.

The boy did not pay any attention to the envious mockeries of the other pupils who called him "donkey," but threw his whole heart into the study of art. He worked without interruption, and when he was only fifteen years old, he was able to give his benefactor a great picture, which, after the lapse of centuries, is still recognized as a masterpiece.

Owing to his patience and industry, Pietro Beretini became the famous artist Pietro da Cortona, and grew so rich that he could build at his own expense the Church of St. Martin and St. Luke, which you may still see in Rome, and present to it five hundred thousand francs.

—The Yugoslav Junior Red Cross Magazine.

An Australian Lullaby

MARGARET STOTT

Decoration by Marion Zane

UP IN a gum tree, gaunt and high,
A baby possum swings 'neath the sky,
While the grey old sea croons a lullaby,
Swinging under the starlit sky.

The Moon-man has silvered the wattle-trees,
That softly sway to the evening breeze;
Put out your lamp, dear Moon-man, please,
Lest some wandering hunter sees
Little grey possum nursed by the trees.

Mopokes have hooted a last good-night
Ere they swoop away on noiseless flight.
At last, the Moon-man puts out his light;
Little grey possum fades from sight
(Or is it because my eyes are shut tight?)
Dear little possum, good-night, good-night.

—From an album from Australia.



The farmhouse at Oxford, Massachusetts, where Clara Barton was born

Clara Barton and the Red Cross Family

FRANCES MARGARET FOX

AWAY back in the year 1821 Clara Barton came as a Christmas gift to her sisters, Sally and Dorothy, and her brothers, David and Stephen, for she was born on Christmas day. What would the family have thought could they have known that their baby was really a Christmas gift to the world?

When Clara was born, the next youngest in the family was a twelve-year-old sister, who straightway became one of the child's four teachers. The big sisters and brothers taught Clara to read and write and spell and do arithmetic while she was still a baby. When an unusually fine teacher began his first term of school a mile from the Barton home, big brother Stephen put his little sister on his shoulder and carried her through the snowdrifts to school. The baby was sitting on a low bench, clinging to her slate and spelling book, when Stephen heard the teacher ask her if she could spell cat; she could, and dog, too. But she explained that she "did not spell there."

"Where do you spell?" asked the master.

"I spell in artichoke," answered Clara. She meant that she could spell the three-syllable words in the columns headed by that word, the place where her home lessons had stopped. Clara was put in the artichoke class.

Until she was eleven years old, Clara Barton lived the usual life of a busy, happy country

child on the farm near Worcester, Massachusetts, where she had been born. Then one day her brother David met with a terrible accident. He was helping the neighbors at a "barn raising," when a timber on which he was standing gave way and he fell. Poor David was ill for two years, while the best doctors in the country tried in every way they knew to relieve him. From the first the young man called for his little sister, and all those months Clara was her brother's constant companion and nurse. Thus, at the age of eleven, she began what was to be her life work, the relief of human suffering.

Yet the little girl had always been a timid child, and nothing seemed to cure her now of a fear of everything and everybody. Finally a friend said, "Throw responsibility upon her. As soon as her age will permit, give her a school to teach."

Accordingly, when she was sixteen, Clara Barton found herself almost too frightened to look around on her first day as a teacher of a district school. Suddenly she discovered that her silent pupils were also timid, and, after a fashion, actually afraid of her! The new teacher straightway smiled at them and took courage. At the end of eight years she had won local fame as a fine teacher.

Then she heard that in Bordentown, New Jersey, there was no free public school, and that the

brightest children roamed the streets at all hours. Three unsuccessful attempts had been made to start a public school. Clara Barton offered her services to the citizens as a public school teacher for three months without pay. She began that school with six wild boys. The next year Bordentown had to put up a public school building to take care of the six hundred pupils Miss Barton had gathered from the streets.

The Civil War found her in Washington. One day a trainload of soldiers arrived from Baltimore. These soldiers were the Sixth Massachusetts militia and among them were many of Clara Barton's old friends. With them were forty poor fellows who had been wounded in battle. Then and there she put on an apron and went to work caring for the wounded.

After the wounded men had been made as comfortable as possible in a hospital, Clara Barton followed the troops which had been sheltered at the Capitol. She found them hungry and discouraged, so she bought food and newspapers. While they feasted she stood at the Speaker's desk in the House of Representatives where the men were gathered, and read aloud from the newspapers long articles that put new life into the weary men, for now they found that they were heroes.

From that hour Clara Barton was the soldiers' friend. In all their letters home the men told of the good work she was doing and in a little while supplies of all kinds began arriving addressed to Miss Clara Barton, with letters thanking her and telling her to use the gifts as she saw fit for the sick, wounded, cheerless soldiers. Soon storehouses were full of the supplies that poured into Washington from the North.

Next Miss Barton turned her thoughts to the awful fact that nothing was done for men wounded in battle until after they were brought to the hospitals. This meant agonies of unnecessary suffering and needless deaths for thousands of brave men. She determined to care for the wounded on the battlefields. Such a thing was so unusual that it wasn't considered respectable. She consulted her father, who had sent for her because he was very ill. He said to her, almost with his last breath:

"Go, if it is your duty to go. I know soldiers; they will respect you and your errand."

It was a long time before Miss Barton could find an army officer who would give her a pass through the lines. But one day, after the second battle of Bull Run, where two women helped her, she wrote a letter to a friend in which she said:

"At ten o'clock Sunday (August 31) our train drew up at Fairfax Station. The ground, for acres, was a thinly wooded slope—and among the trees on the leaves and grass, were laid the wounded who were pouring in by scores of wagonloads, as picked up on the field under the flag of truce. All day they came and the hillside was covered. Bales of hay were broken open and scattered over the ground like littering for cattle, and the sore, famishing men were laid upon it.

"And when the night shut in, in the mist and darkness about us, we knew that standing apart from the world of anxious hearts, throbbing over the whole country, we were a little

band of almost empty-handed workers literally by ourselves in the wild woods of Virginia, with three thousand suffering men crowded upon the few acres within our reach.

"After gathering up every available implement or convenience for our work, our domestic inventory stood two water buckets, five tin cups, one camp kettle, one stewpan, two lanterns, four bread knives, three plates, and a two-quart tin dish. We had three thousand to serve."

Yet, within fifteen minutes of their arrival on the field, those women had built fires and were preparing food and dressing wounds. Huge boxes of preserved and canned fruit and other food, sent on by wives and mothers for their soldiers, stood beside the railroad track. As soon as a can or jar was emptied, it served for giving soup, coffee or bread soaked in wine to some poor sufferer. With tears rolling down their cheeks the famished men blessed those kind women. "I never realized until that day how little a human being could be grateful for," wrote Miss Barton.

"But the most fearful scene was reserved for the night. I have said that the ground was littered with dry hay and that we had only two lanterns, but there were plenty of candles. The



Clara Barton

wounded were laid so close that it was impossible to move about in the dark. The slightest misstep brought a torrent of groans from some poor mangled fellow in your path. . . . The slightest accident, the mere dropping of a light could have enveloped in flames this whole mass of helpless men.

"How we watched and pleaded and cautioned as we worked and wept that night! How we put socks and slippers upon their cold, damp feet, wrapped your blankets and quilts about them, and when we no longer had these to give, how we covered them in the hay and left them to their rest!"

This was only the beginning of Miss Barton's work on the awful battlefields, where with equal care she nursed friend and foe. When the war was over, her name and deeds were known throughout the country. Meantime the government's wonderful Sanitary Commission had been furnishing the army with supplies of all sorts, and hundreds of girls and women had gone as nurses to the battlefields as well as the hospitals.

After the war there was bitter grief in the land over the fate of soldiers reported as "missing." Without pay, Miss Barton immediately started a search for these men and didn't stop her efforts until she and her helpers had told their families what had become of thirty thousand men, whether living or dead. By the time she had finished this work and had completed a lecture tour, her health had broken down and her doctor sent her to Europe for a rest.

One day when she was in Geneva a gentleman called to interest Miss Barton in the work of the International Committee of the Red Cross. Miss Barton had heard the story of Florence Nightingale, the first woman in the world who had ventured as a nurse upon a battlefield, so she listened attentively when her visitor explained that in 1864, at Geneva, a Swiss gentleman, Monsieur Henri Dunant, had at conference met delegates from twenty-two nations, who signed the Treaty of Geneva and founded a society which had chosen for its badge a red cross on a white ground. According to the treaty, all who wore this cross were to be safe from capture while caring for the wounded on a battlefield, whether friend or foe. The gentleman asked Miss Barton to try to persuade her country to sign the treaty, and she gladly agreed to do so.

Before Miss Barton was well enough to go home the Franco-Prussian War broke out, and



BY PERMISSION OF THE PROPRIETORS OF "PUNCH"

"England's intervention: At least we may help the sick and wounded." A Red Cross cartoon by Sir John Tenniel, illustrator of "Alice in Wonderland," which appeared in the English magazine "Punch," August 27, 1870, during the Franco-Prussian War

when her services were requested, she helped the Red Cross in Europe. Here are her own words about her impression of its value:

"As I saw the work of these Red Cross societies in the field, accomplishing in four months under their sympathetic organization what we failed to accomplish in four years without it—no mistakes, no needless suffering, no waste, no confusion, but order, plenty, cleanliness and comfort wherever that little flag made its way—as I saw all this and joined and worked in it, you will not wonder that I said to myself, 'If I live to return to my country, I will make my people understand the Red Cross and that treaty.'"

She did that very thing. At first the Americans were not interested because they believed there would be no more wars. Clara Barton sincerely hoped they were right, for she hated war; but she insisted that earthquakes, cyclones, tidal waves, floods, fires and other calamities frequently occurred and that a national Red Cross society should be founded for the relief of all human suffering. This plan won the country, and so, on May 21, 1881, Miss Clara Barton organized the American Red Cross. She kept on until she got the government to ratify the Treaty of Geneva in March, 1882, and thus became the founder of the American Red Cross.

Clara Barton lived to care for the sick and wounded of the Spanish War in Cuba, and to be an angel of mercy in many awful national disasters. When she died at the age of ninety, she was buried at Oxford, Massachusetts, near the home where she was born, and her honored grave is marked by a Red Cross.

The Mermaid

ANNA MILO UPJOHN

Illustrations by the Author

THERE were four of them, Shemus and Katy and Peter and Anne. They lived in a gray village that lay like a flock of gulls on the top of the cliff.

When they started for school in the morning maybe the tide was coming in and the larks were rising from the meadows full of song. But they stepped briskly, for there was the tinkle of a bell in the distance. When they returned at evening it was with rumpled hair and care-free steps, turning aside for berries. Fuchsias nodded their crimson and purple bells above them in the hedges. The western sun flushed the white-washed cottages, and the sweet peat smoke lay on the air like incense. Across the sands plodded the small black cattle, with their tails blown aslant.

Behind the village lay the long dark mountain that was peat to the top; and over against it, Slieve More (which means big hill), smooth and green where the cows grazed. And always there was the sea.

It was Peter's task to guard the geese on the dunes. Shemus went up to the peat bog with the donkey and brought back great creels full of turf. Katy helped her mother in the potato fields, and where Katy went Anne followed. On Saturdays Katy loved to stretch a fresh muslin curtain across the kitchen window, to sweep the earth floor, to blow the peat into a blaze and to set the brown teapot on the hob.

Late one Saturday afternoon the four went down to the beach to dig for clams. The tide was out and the purple sands gleamed in the sunset, hard as a marble floor. On them lay jellyfish left by the ebbing tide, large as plates,

with delicate tracings like bunches of flowers embroidered in lavender silk. Hanks of seaweed drifted through the dune grass, fine as raffia, or spread like strips of dyed leather, black and russet, to dry on the sands. Anne never tired of gathering bunches of seaweed, as a child might pluck flowers in a bright spring meadow. But the older children were spering for the tiny holes that showed the hiding places of clams beneath the wet sand. It would be fine to have a clam broth for supper with some of the spuds brought in that day from the patch on the hillside.

A little shower flew overhead. It caught in Peter's curls, pattered across the beach for a minute and then disappeared. "Where has it gone?" asked Peter.

"It's going across the bay," said Katy. "Don't you see the little feet of it on the water? It's going toward Treasure Cave."

The children watched breathlessly. Sure enough the little shower was crinkling a track across the bay. They could watch its progress like that of a shadow, making straight for a cave that opened like a dark door low down in the cliff.

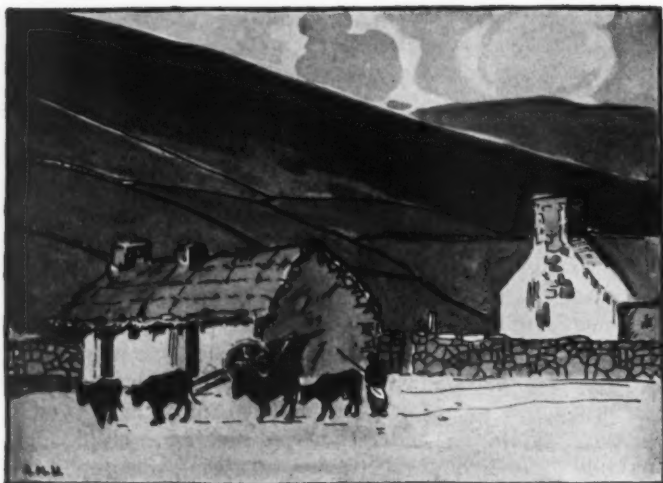
"It's gone in!" cried Anne, and truly the shower seemed to have entered. The sun suddenly shone out and the top of the cliff was like a table with a green velvet cloth on it.

"Next Saturday we'll go over to the cave and hunt for treasure," said Shemus, his eyes on the hole in the cliff.

"We'll do that," agreed Katy, "and it may be we shall find necklaces and gold bands for the arms and earrings of rubies and a handful of diamonds."



It was Peter's task to guard the geese on the dunes



Across the sands plodded the small black cattle

"And gold coins in a chest," cried Peter.

"And a power of grand swords," added Shemus.

"Anne, too?" she whispered.

"No, no Anne," said Shemus. "It's over dark and dangerous for a wee girlie in there, and slippery on the green rocks as well. And maybe the black sea will be washing in bitter cold to the feet."

Anne dropped her sea flowers and lifted her hands to Katy. Her eyes were full of tears. "There now, acushla," cried her big sister, "will you stop keening? Isn't it Katy herself will carry you in her arms, heart o'corn?" We'll all go together and find the great riches the Spaniards hauled into the cave when their golden ships went on the rocks of Black Sod Bay."

"Tell us about it," cried Peter, "and why it was the Spaniards never came back to claim their own."

They were seated on the sand now, their knees drawn up and the sunset light flooding over them. The clams were forgotten. Their faces were set westward toward a flock of purple islands. Beyond those islands they knew there was nothing between them and America.

"In the bygone time," said Katy, "there was a fleet of tall ships called the 'Armada' sent out by the king of Spain against the queen of England."

"Why was it sent out?"

"It was sent because of the great trouble there was betwixt them."

"And what was the trouble?"

"The queen of England had the name of Bess. But before her reign her sister, Mary, had also been queen and at the same time wife to the king of Spain. So when Mary died he was for keeping the kingdom and all. The way to get it

quickly and no words said was to marry Queen Bess as well."

"And did Queen Bess favor the king of Spain?"

"She did not. She was a small, dry thing, but she had a leaping brain; and her hand was tight on the purse and on all that belonged to her. Against her the king of Spain sent his high galleons, proud ships with swooping white sails and black cannon looking out of the windows. On one ship there was a mint of money to pay the brave sailors, and a treasure of swords with fine stones in their hilts, and gold and silver plate the like of which has never been seen.

"There was a brave fight off the coast of Cornwall and the men of Spain were beaten. But when they sought to return to their own comfortable shore a great storm came out of the south and drove them north along the west coast of Ireland. To escape being driven to the North Pole entirely they headed into Black Sod Bay, and it was there they were broken on the fearsome rocks of Donegal.

"The great treasure ship was known to go down," continued Katy, "but some say it was first driven on a reef the way the sailors could drag the gold into a cave before the hull broke up. There the men of Spain and the men of Donegal fought for the treasure till there was no man left to tell where it lay. But over there in treasure cave they say two Spanish gold coins have been found. Now tell me," said Katy, impressively, "is it likely the king of Spain's great golden ship would have dropped but two wee bits from all its treasure?"

"It is not," said Shemus.

"The water in the cave is black and deep and the ledges of rock too narrow for a sizeable man to creep along. But it may be a small person—"

But Shemus was not listening. "What's that?" he cried, springing to his feet. "Something riding in on the waves!" Yes, there *was* something. They all got a glimpse of it before it dropped out of sight. But it was coming in with the combers. It was quite close now. "There, see it!" The children watched spellbound as a pair of great dark eyes in a round face gazed at them an instant over a wave and then disappeared.

"Oh, a mermaid!" cried Katy, "I know it's a mermaid."

They scrambled over the rocks not yet covered by the tide, but there was no sign of the swim-

mer, and the overlapping breakers brought in nothing but sand and seaweed. Full of fears and excitement, they raced home. "And now let Katy tell me alone what like it was," said their distracted mother who was washing the sand from the clams.

"It had long yellow hair and eyes with a grief in them," began Katy.

"It was gray!" declared Shemus.

"It had ears like a man," said Peter.

"It had whiskers," said Anne.

And their mother agreed it must have been a mermaid. What else could it be?

That week at school they talked and boasted a great deal about the mermaid, but they said never a word about the plan to explore Treasure Cave. But Saturday afternoon they started in a body for the base of the cliff. They had often passed the opening when the tide was out; it was a dangerous cave where boats could not enter but the sea could, and where the turn of the tide would cut off all rescue.

Though it was a hot day with the breath of June in it, as soon as they came under the shadow of the cliff, a November chill smote them. The entrance to the cave was blocked with rocks worn smooth by the waves, or covered with mats of weed, green and slimy underfoot.

"Let you have a care to Anne," called Shemus. But Anne had tight hold of Katy's skirt. The explorers advanced cautiously, peering into the black cavern where the sun had never shone since the world began. They paused, waiting to grow accustomed to the darkness before venturing further. By degrees the dusk lightened. They could see now that the floor of the cave was covered with black water. "Who knows how deep it is?" whispered Shemus.

There was a slight ledge of rock on each side of the cave, running back into the darkness. On one of these ledges lay a strange looking object. Was it a stone? Or an animal? Did it move? Suddenly four hearts beat wildly. Out of the depths of the cave a pair of great dark

eyes gazed steadily at the children. Then a yellow-gray body slid noiselessly from the ledge into the water, sending inky ripples to their very toes.

"A baby seal!" they exclaimed startled.

"Oh, you may say a baby seal," said Katy sagely, "but it's here for a purpose."

"And what will the purpose be?" asked Shemus.

"To guard the treasure, what else?" said Katy. "And by the same token we know now that it's under the black water."

"And isn't it a strange thing and a hard thing that a seal with no arms to swing a sword, or ears or fingers for precious stones, should possess the gold and the jewels and maybe a great treasure of swords?" said Shemus.

"But 'tis only at times it does be a seal, Shemus," cried Katy. "'Tis a mermaid she is, in truth. And at night she is fair, with white arms raised in the moonlight to twine the pearls in her hair and the emeralds about her neck. Then she does be singing the songs of the waves till all the wee fishes leave their sleep and crowd about her feet."

"I'm wishing we could take her and hold her in a net and look on her beauty," said Shemus wistfully. "And maybe she would give us a part of the treasure if we let her go. 'Tis Dan O'Brien could take her, he being a handy man with the nets."

"And could we give over a wee thing like that to men who would come with ropes and hooks to take it?"

"We could not!" said Peter. "With eyes like dark seaweed and the grief that is in them?"

"We could not," said Shemus.

"We will not tell," said Katy softly, "and she will forever be saying, 'Tis the four young Hogans are guarding me entirely. 'Tis they give me the sands ruffled by the winds and the great cool sea with the silver of it. Sure, 'tis the four young things and the kindness that is in them.'"



They peered into the black cavern

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*On May-day a lovely lady
And a dainty little lass
Underneath the flowering branches
Of the apple orchard pass.*

*I wonder if the pinkest blossoms,
Just the pinkest ones of all,
Will make the reddest apples,
When they ripen in the fall.*

—Helen S., Grade 5B, Decatur, Ill.

GOOD WILL DAY IN VIENNA

LAST year the Austrian Junior Red Cross had a great celebration of World Good Will Day in Vienna. Three thousand members took part. After the World Song had been sung, a girl read the good-will message that has been sent out by the children of Wales to the children of the world every May 18 since 1922. Then the girl said:

In a score or more of years from now the world will be the way we want it. If the youth of the world wants peace, peace there will be. Some of you will think, "There have always been wars." We have learned that there have also been maladies and epidemics which do not strike us now. Quarrels between men, and even between countries, are settled more often by courts of justice than by force of sword as before. Some boys will say, "He who always talks of peace is a coward!" Friends, for centuries great men and women of all races have worked for peace. The World War has taken ten million men. Many of our fellow pupils lost their fathers in this war. Many fathers have become blind through the war. And we have heard at school that another war would be even more dreadful.

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For this reason, we, the children of all countries, must take each others' hands and strive for a world without war.

Hundreds of Junior Red Cross groups are corresponding with schools outside Austria, in Germany, Czechoslovakia, Switzerland, Scandinavia. Some of us even exchange letters with American and Japanese groups. On the membership rolls of the Junior Red Cross we read: "We will be the pride of our country; we will keep the laws of our country! Yes, we will be healthy, upright citizens, we will serve our country. We will strive in every way to leave our country happier and better than we have received it."

Therefore we reply to the children of Wales: "We will continue to serve under the sign of the Red Cross, always willing to help, to love our own nation and to honor all other nations, being loyal to our country and to all humanity."

ROBIN WRITES TO HIS TAILOR

Dear Sir, where's my waistcoat? Please post without fail,

More than three months ago it was ordered,
The red-quilted silk one with
spots round the tail
And with daisies and butter-
cups bordered.



For I'm waiting to sing
To Our Lady the Spring
And I want to look awfully grand.
Don't forget (as I wrote
In a previous note)

To leave room for the chest to expand.

—British Junior Red Cross Journal.

THE CALENDAR STORY FOR MAY

THE CALENDAR girl is Martha, of an Albanian mountain tribe. There was a story in the November News about her brother, Gino, and his lost sheep.

After the Great War, when boundaries were changed, Martha's people came down to the lowlands in order to live under their own flag. They were given fertile river land, much better than the rocky soil they had known, yet they were homesick for the white peaks and the broad-winged eagles sailing above them.

A group of forty families banded together, helping each other to build snug log cabins and pens for sheep and cattle. The men ploughed and sowed, and month by month the farms grew richer and more bountiful. The girls of the colony washed wool in the river, carded and spun it, while their mothers sat at the clacking looms, weaving blankets and linen. In time perhaps these Albanian pioneers will love their river homes as well as those they left behind them on the hilltops.



Little Tinkletum

HILDA BITTINGER

Decorations by Wynna Wright

BY Brownie Lumm's droll little house,
Perched on a tuft of phlox,
Wee Tinkletum wept bitterly
And tore her curly locks.

The door was opened just a bit,
The brownie's wife peeped out;
"Why, fairy child," she kindly asked,
"What's all this noise about?"

"This is my birthday," she replied
"This thirty-first of May.
A party I have never had,
Though I am four today."



"What's that you say? You never had
A party in your life!
Well now today you shall, my child,"
Cried Brownie Lumm's good wife.

"But look," wailed tiny Tinkletum,
"My dress is just a sight.
I caught it on a wicked thorn
Then pulled with all my might."

"Now dry your tears," the lady said,
"You shall have one all new;
We'll take your tiny measure first,
And see what we can do."

This done, the woman looked about
And plucked a hollyhock
From which she fashioned
in a wink
A dainty party frock.



And then she said to Tinkletum:
"You must have shoes, you know;
Down by the meadow brook, I think,
Some lady slippers grow."

Away went Tinkletum in quest
And in a little bit

She found a tiny yellow pair
That was a perfect fit.

The dapper brownie woman then
A trumpet flower found
And invitations telephoned
To wee fays all around.



Upon a cloud the guests arrived
With merry shouts of glee;
And Tinkletum, the honor guest,
Was happy as could be.

Among the violets they played
At tag and peekaboo,



And when the bluebells
gayly rang
They danced, and courted
too.

"Oh me, oh my," said Mistress Lumm,
"I have no time to waste,
I must bake Tinkletum a cake,
And mix some drink of taste."

When these were daintily prepared,
The lady sought and found,
Where dandelion seats enclosed
A mushroom huge and round.

Upon this mushroom, over which
A lantern plant was curved,
She then arranged the party fare
And sang: "Refreshments served!"

The wee folks drank from buttercups,
And nibbled at the cake,
Until they found it quite a task
To longer stay awake.

AT last the sleepy little guests
Bade Tinkletum goodnight,
Into a moonbeam airship hopped,
And soon sailed out of sight.

And to the brownie woman then
Piped drowsy Tinkletum,
"You are an angel in disguise,
Dear Mistress Brownie Lumm."



During the battle of Ichinotani, in 1184, Atsomuri, son of the commander of Taira clan, determining to fight to the finish at the next battle with the Genji clan, brought out his favorite flute and began to play



The music was so beautiful that the soldiers forgot they were on the battlefield, and Kumagai, general of the Genji clan, who had planned a night attack on Atsomuri's army, gave up the attack, not daring to spoil the music

From Cherry-Blossom Land

ON THE opposite page is a photograph of a most delightful toy made by school children of Japan and sent as exhibit material to Boston. With the toy was this explanation:

"The fifth day of the fifth month is the day for all boys in Japan, just as the third day of the third month is for girls. On this day each house where there is a boy flies a carp flag and decorates the alcove with dolls representing famous knights and Kintaro, the strong boy. The carp is symbolical of daring and perseverance, and is the favorite fish among the Japanese.

"Kintaro lived in the mountains near Kyoto (the capital at that time) in the tenth century. He was so strong and brave that all the animals in the mountains respected him and became his servants. Every day he rode on a big bear and inspected his territory.

"One day Kintaro met a strong hunter who asked him if he would not like to have a contest and see who was the stronger. Even though Kintaro was a boy, he defeated this strong man. This man was Watanabe-no-Tsuna, a vassal of Minamoto-Raiko, a famous general of the Imperial Army. Kintaro was adopted by Watanabe and thus became the vassal of Minamoto-Raiko.

"At that time a rumor spread around the city that there was a devil and his followers in Mt. Ohye, who were doing great harm to the peo-

ple. So Kintaro and Raiko conquered them."

Japanese parents always give a doll representing Kintaro to their son on Boys' Festival Day, wishing him to be strong, brave and healthy.

One of the heroes always remembered on the day of the Boy's Festival is Hideyoshi Toyotomi. A twelve-year-old boy, Haruo Nakamura, tells why he considered Hideyoshi such a hero:

"The hero I admire more than anyone else is Hideyoshi Toyotomi. Starting in life in a humble hut on the farm of Owari Nakamura and making his way up the ladder of life, he became the prime minister of Japan. Was not Hideyoshi great? When still young he was burning with the ambition to make himself known all the country over. Attracted by the military exploits of Nobunaga Oda, he went to be his retainer. It was just the position for him to make the right start.

"First, he was made to walk with Nobunaga Oda as valet, but he showed no sign of dissatisfaction; on the contrary, he went on working for his master faithfully and whole-heartedly. His efficient service was soon recognized, and he was promoted from one position to another. At last he was made one of Nobunaga's lieutenant-generals.

"Afterwards, Mitsuhide Aketsu betrayed and killed Nobunaga at Honnoji. Hideyoshi, who was conducting the campaign against Terumoto

Mori, concluded a peace with him and made his way back to Kyoto. He defeated Mitsuhide at Yamazaki and cleared the country on behalf of his dead master. So prompt and vigorous was his action that the country looked up to him as their rightful leader. Besides, Hideyoshi was loyal to his sovereign and summoning all the military chieftains together, he made them swear allegiance to the Emperor. He also helped to repair the imperial palace which was in a state of ruin and desolation.

"I admire him because of his faithfulness to the small things in order to achieve the great and the big things. I admire him because of cheerful spirit and vigorous action. I admire him because of his constant devotion to the Emperor and to his country."

The Japanese are famous the world over for their beautiful manners and their attention to all the fine points of behavior. Such manners are not learned without effort, you may be sure. Read what Hiroshi Saito, a second-grade boy, says about his trials with table manners:

"When our family lived in Yokosuga, I was a little boy and could not use the chopsticks gracefully. I handled them so ridiculously that my parents used to laugh. I had a bitter experience when I visited our relatives in Niigata City with regard to my inability to handle them properly. Since then I have studied and practiced how to hold them almost every day. After I learned, it was not difficult at all. At present I can hold any kind of food easily with them."

Judging by the letters in their albums for schools in this country, Japanese boys and girls are pretty hard workers. In the article about silkworms in the December *News*, the writer told how the cocoons had to be picked off the straw to which they were attached. Shozo Kawahara, a seventh-grade boy, gives an account of this work:

"As a rule, I go to Mr. T's to help pick the cocoons every year. This year, I went to his home day before yesterday. My competitor was O. I knew it would be hard to beat him because he was so persevering.

"By noon I had picked twenty-four pounds of

the cocoons, while O had picked a little less. I was very happy that I was ahead. I encouraged myself by saying, 'Security is the greatest enemy.' After eating my *luandron* hurriedly, I kept on picking. By three in the afternoon, the cocoons I had picked weighed thirty-two pounds. I was ahead of everyone. Skipping afternoon tea, I continued to work. I encouraged myself and endured fatigue in the mere hope of beating O.

"Today we worked overtime. By seven o'clock in the evening I had picked forty-eight pounds while O had gathered forty-five pounds. I was very happy to have beaten this strong competitor."

Where we use the expression "As good as wheat," the Japanese say, "As good as the rice." Full rice bags are a sign of wealth in Japan, and the national bank notes have a picture of a jolly

old man seated on two rice bags and with a full bag on his back. This is Daikoku, god of fortune. Haru Kawabata, a twelve-year-old boy of the sixth grade in the village of Nakazato, gives a description of the rice harvest. Nakazato is near Saga on the island of Kiushiu. Thus far south the rice harvest comes in October. "Paddy" is rice that has been threshed from the ears but has not had the hard outside coat, or husk, taken off in a rice mill. Haru Kawabata says:

"After spreading the paddy on the mats to dry in the sunshine, we sit down by the barn to take a rest. The autumn sky is exceedingly clear and it is as warm as a spring day. There they are busy mowing the rice with the scythe; and here they are threshing. In the field close by they are sowing the barley. Everywhere, parents and children, wives and husbands are out together, chatting merrily. In another field nearby an energetic neighbor, perspiring all over, is

reaping the rice, his scythe making a joyous melody as it goes on mowing.

"After lunch I go out once more to bring in the paddy from the field and work all afternoon as hard as in the morning. At length the sound of the evening knell is heard from beyond the woods."



Kintaro the strong boy,
raising the carp flag

Labrador Notes*

WILFRED T. GRENFELL

WE STILL cruise round from village to village all along the Labrador coast in my little ship, the *Maraval*, so long as the sea isn't frozen. But now each hospital has its nice little boat besides; one was given by Yale students, one by Harvard and one by Princeton. The boys built the boats themselves and sailed them "down north" to Labrador.



Dr. Grenfell

When the Princeton one failed to arrive, we grew very anxious. One day late that summer I was steaming my own little ship back to Newfoundland about twenty miles off the mouth of the Straits of Belle Isle. It was rough and foggy so that we could not make any headway against the seas, and we had to turn round and run before the gale. We had not been going ten minutes before someone shouted at the helm that there was a small boat right ahead of us. We just had time to miss a dismasted yawl, with the sails flapping over the decks. We went round and tried to pick the men up. And it was the Princeton boat! Though they were fine, brave young fellows, they were glad to get help, because their motor had broken down a week before, their mainmast was gone, and they had no idea where they were.

On my table as I write this in London is a cablegram that has just come through from Labrador, which says: "Fish no value this year; our district did badly anyhow; people threatened with starvation." Then it says: "We don't want any doles, but we would like work to earn something."

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In winter the doctor travels by dog team (right), in summer on the "*Maraval*" (above)



That's the spirit of our people—determined to stand on their own legs, and to help one another as long as they can. For instance, one time a fisherman came to my hospital in the night and begged me to go seven miles by sea with him to see a man at his house who was dying, he thought. When we got there we were wet and cold, so the fisherman's wife made me some tea. She was awfully ashamed because she had not any milk or sugar for my tea.

After seeing the sick man I asked the fisherman whether it was his father that he had come all that way for. He said no, it was only an old fisherman whom he had found starving with his wife.

I said, "Well, I hope you are paid for feeding him and his wife."

Then I noticed he was smiling, and he said, "Of course not. He hasn't anything."

Then I said, "How long have you had him?"

"About a year," he said.

"Why should you do it when you haven't milk or sugar for yourselves?" I asked.

He smiled again and said, "What would you do?"

Last summer there were a number of American college boys at one of the hospitals. They were paying their own expenses to come to Labrador and give us a hand with our work. One Sunday morning we went in my little boat to a poor village. We got there very late, and we

* See "A Labrador Doctor," *News*, February, 1931.

had not taken any luncheon. We came to a house where a fisherman and his family were just sitting down to their dinner. They all got up and made us sit down and eat their dinner while they waited on us. Labrador is the only country where the hotels are free.

After dinner we came upon a little house that was all falling down. There did not seem to be anybody in it, but one of the college boys climbed up, and on the bare boards of the first floor he found four little naked, frightened children peeping with their bright eyes through the holes between the boards. There was no furniture in the house at all, and when the mother came back we found that her husband had been away for months. She had been trying to buy some food for her babies. The boys took off their coats and wrapped the youngsters all up, and we took them back with us. That was much better than if someone had given them \$10 each.

I have spoken of our hospitals, and, I think too, of the little stations where we have nurses a hundred miles from any hospital. Two years ago the first airplane to cross the Atlantic to the west fell close to one of these stations. Baron von Hunefeldt and his colleagues thought they were in the savage wilds because the sea was frozen. Yet within a few hours a daintily dressed little nurse came driving along with a big team of Eskimo dogs to see if they were hurt.

We drive in the winter over the snow and have no roads. The worst difficulty is getting through the big tangled forests, so we make what we call "trails." We chip a piece high up off the bark of the trees. These we call "blazes." But the snow covers up the "blazes," and it is easy to lose the way.

One time a telegram came to me, "Please come, a young man dying." It was about seventy miles away through forests and over lakes and high barrens. There was no trail, but I knew that the little leader of my team had once driven over that trail a year before. A man from the village took me the first thirty miles, and then turned back because he didn't know the way any further.

I talked to the leading dog and said, "Now you have got to take me all on to the westward." Sometimes when we

were crossing a lake and I could not see the other side I thought I must be silly to trust a dog. When it was getting dark, and we were facing a big cliff, I thought "Now it is all up and I must stay here for the night." The sledge was in a lot of trees, and I could not see the little leader. We got out axes to make a camp, and put on our snow shoes.

But when I got to the leader I found she was sitting in a real path. You see, a leader is seventy-five feet ahead, and she was through the trees. What do you think she was doing—laughing at me! So we cleared the sledge out and went on again, and by eight o'clock at night she brought me out to where the sick man was.

Once we were running along over the ice and we were very short of food for the dogs. Just ahead of us on the edge of the ice I saw a seal. We always carry a rifle, and I was lucky enough to shoot that seal. But it fell off the ice into the water and sank. I unharnessed the leader and told her to go and get it. The dog was a good diver. She jumped into the water, swam down to the bottom, caught the seal by the flipper and pulled it up to the surface. So the dogs all got a good dinner that night.

I can not tell you here of all the other work we do. We found that a lot of our poor people did not get proper food, and there were lots of hungry and partly naked children. So some girls from colleges came to help us. We called them the "Welfare Brigade." There were no cows in the country and they couldn't get fresh milk. So many of the poor babies died. They said, "We must get some goats. Goats can live anywhere." One day the next spring they wrote that they were going to send me eight goats from Chicago! I telegraphed, "They will never arrive alive. Won't you be good scouts and bring them down yourselves?" Some time later I saw a big picture in the *New York Times* of

eight girls, each with a goat, sitting on the deck of a big steamer. Underneath was written "The Labrador Goat Brigade."

One time the Welfare Brigade had been teaching the children that they must, for the sake of their health, keep their tooth brushes clean. But they hadn't any tooth brushes. So the Brigade got some friends

One of Dr. Grenfell's assistants with his dogs



to send down a great many. Then they told the children that they must air their brushes in the sunshine. One day I saw a little boy on the roof of one of the cottages.

"What are you doing up there Tommy?" I asked. "I am nailing up my tooth brush in the sunshine," he replied.

Another time when I sailed into a harbor I saw a number of boats rowing in with children in them. It was very cold, and I asked why they had come to the "welfare class" to be weighed. "We get a gold star for putting on a pound a week," they said. "Well," I said to a mother who was rowing a little boy, "doesn't that little boy hate coming all this way?" "No," she said, "he loves it. I wanted to cut his hair to make him look tidy before we started, but he screamed because he said he didn't want to lose any weight."

It isn't only in the schools that many of these

girls and boys are being helped. We send them also to get the chance you get so easily, to learn how to understand electricity, to do technical work, to cook, and so on. In that way they have learned to do many things that bring a little bit of money to the homes and enable them to get a better diet, as well as to do much more to help others in lonely villages. Two thousand women this winter made mats and baskets and other things in their homes. We make the best hooked mats in the world. You can get pictures of them, or see them at 425 Madison Avenue, New York, or 1631 Locust Street, Philadelphia.

I am going to close by saying that no less than fourteen hundred college boys and girls have come all the way to Labrador to help us in a hundred different ways with our work and they always say "We get more out of it than we put into it."

Fiftieth Anniversary Program

American Red Cross, 1881-1931

RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON and ALICE INGERSOLL THORNTON

PROLOGUE

MUSIC by orchestra: "Tenting Tonight on the Old Camp Ground."

Original dialogue by pupils: "Rose Percy" relates the work of the Sanitary Commission in the United States and the publication of Dunant's "Souvenir of Solferino" in Europe.

Rose Percy,¹ a doll now in the Red Cross Museum, was raffled at the Sanitary Commission Fair in New York, the same year as the publication of the "Souvenir of Solferino." This brief talk may be given by a little girl in the costume of the Civil War period; or, if the "doll" is very young, she may tell her name to an older pupil who will bring her in and recall the facts about care of the wounded in the Civil War and Dunant's appeal to the world. Time, about five minutes.

1881-1931

PART I

TABLEAU by boys: The United States signs the treaty at Geneva.

Interpretation of tableau by a pupil: The work of Clara Barton and signing of the Treaty of Geneva by the United States.

The dress should be of the '80's. Time, five minutes.

¹ See News, April, 1931.

Talk by a pupil: The early work of the American Red Cross in domestic and foreign disaster relief and war service.

Outstanding examples of pioneer relief work were the sending of a shipload of corn to Russian famine sufferers in 1892; the sending of the *State of Texas*, a relief ship, to Cuba, during the Spanish-American War in 1898; and relief of Galveston flood sufferers in 1900. Time, about five minutes.

Reading by a pupil: The charter of the American Red Cross, granted by Congress, 1905, states that the purposes of the American Red Cross are: To furnish volunteer aid to the sick and wounded of armies in time of war; to continue and carry on a system of national and international relief in time of peace for victims of pestilence, famine, fire, floods and other great national calamities, and to devise and carry on measures for preventing the same.

Talk by a pupil: Meeting the new national responsibilities.

Outstanding examples were the work in the San Francisco earthquake, 1906, and the Ohio floods, 1913. Outstanding personalities in early organization are Miss Boardman and Colonel Bicknell. Time, about ten minutes.

PART II

SONG by all, led by chorus: Finley's "The Red Cross Spirit Speaks."

Reading by a pupil: Katharine Lee Bates' "The Song That Shall Atone."²

Wild Europe, red with Wodin's dreadful dew,
On fire with Loki's hate, more savage than
Beasts that we shame by likening to man,
Was it toward this the toiling centuries grew?
... Is Time at last a mere comedian,
Mocking in cap and bells our pompous boast
Of progress? Nay, we will not bear it so.
A million hands launch ships to succor woe;
The stars that shudder o'er the slaughtering host
Rain blessing on the Red Cross groups that go
Careless of shrapnel, emulous for the post
Where foul diseases wreak their uttermost
Of horror. Saintship walks incognito
As scoffing science, but Christ knows his own.
Sway as it may the war-god's fell caprice,
The victories of Love shall still increase
Until at last, from all this wail and moan,
Rises the song of brotherhood, to cease
No more, no more—the song that shall atone
Even for this mad agony. The throne
That war is building is the throne of Peace.

Talk by a pupil: The American Red Cross in the World War.

Mention of the work of Jane Delano, and her contribution to nursing, may be made in this talk. The uniform of a Red Cross overseas worker may be used. Time, about five minutes.

Talk by a pupil: The birth of the Junior Red Cross. Time, about five minutes.

Song by all, led by chorus: The Junior Red Cross "World Song."

The chorus may be in costumes of different nations or carry flags of different nations.

Talk by a pupil: An American contribution to the world, the organization of the League of Red Cross Societies.

Outstanding personalities include Henry P. Davison, who organized the League of Red Cross Societies and John Barton Payne, the present Chairman of the board of governors of the League of Red Cross Societies. Time, about five minutes.

Talk by a pupil: The peace-time program of the American Red Cross.

Examples of disaster relief include the Japanese earthquake, 1923; Midwest tornadoes, Florida hurricanes, Mississippi and New England floods, and the drought relief of 1931. The health services, service to veterans, and the Junior Red Cross should be included, and local examples may be used. Time, about ten minutes.

Reading by a pupil, or dramatization: "Everybody's Flag," by Louise Franklin Bache, *News*, November, 1927. Supplied in mimeographed form by the Red Cross.

Report by a pupil: The National Convention, 1931. (Time, about five minutes.)

Song by all: The Junior Red Cross "Song of Service."

²Quoted by permission of the E. P. Dutton Co., from "The Retinue."

J. R. C. Doings

SOUTH Grade School, Lake Worth, Florida, was represented this year at the Red Cross Convention in Washington, April 13 to 16. They raised the money themselves to send their delegate by giving an oriental silver tea at the city auditorium. They gave a full program of songs, including the Junior Red Cross song; group recitations, "Dolls of Foreign Lands," and Robert Louis Stevenson's "Foreign Children"; a short play, "Our Foreign Cousins," and solo songs by some of the Juniors. For refreshments they served cookies and some of the apricots which they received after Christmas from Turkish Juniors.

THE American Red Cross is to have the great honor of a special postage stamp to mark its Fiftieth Anniversary. It will come out on May

21 and will be for sale for two cents at all United States postoffices. The postoffice at Dansville, New York, has asked for the privilege of selling the first of the stamps, because at Dansville was formed the first chapter of the American Red Cross, August 22, 1881. Clara Barton herself organized it when she was resting in the little town after the exhausting work she had been doing for so many years.

IN BIRMINGHAM, Alabama, Juniors of the Barker School gave a ten-minute original play on the program of the senior Red Cross city Council meeting. The boys and girls took the parts of Queen Red Cross, Food, Clothing, Shelter, Money, Sympathy and Love, who, one by one, brought in the subjects of Queen Suffering, Famine, Flood, Storm, Drought and Disease. It



Children in the drought area eating J. R. C. currant cookies (above). Class representatives of Zaragosa Elementary School, Aloquinsan Cebu, Philippines, in national costume, receiving Friendship Treasure Chests. All are members of the Junior Red Cross (right)

was presented in two short scenes, and the actors wore the names of the characters they represented in large letters on bands stretching from right shoulder to left hip.

PAWNEE Indian Juniors in their school in Oklahoma made decorated jars and bottles as Mothers' Day gifts with enamel paint sent them by the Junior Red Cross. They painted the vases with traditional Indian designs.

HERE is a letter that came to us about the work of the Juniors of Central School, La Grande, Oregon:

The pupils of Central School have corresponded with schools of four different countries for four years. The arrival of a letter or a package from headquarters is always thrilling. As one boy said: "It's just like Christmas every time we get a portfolio."

At present we correspond with schools in Spain, Japan, Czechoslovakia and Australia. From these places we have received many lovely articles and have tried to make our replies just as interesting.

Some of our albums are worn until they are positively ragged by the constant use.

Such exclamations of admiration as the lovely Czechoslovakian art work calls forth! Such comparisons with one's own work accompanied by inward vows to do better.

We keep a table of interest on which are always marked copies of the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS as well as articles from other countries about our geography work.

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The pictures from old calendars are mounted as a border of "people I'd like to know."

We really served tea from the miniature tea set sent from Japan.

JUNIORS of Wyatt School, Middletown, R. I., had a special place on the program of the field day exercises held at the Berkeley School grounds in that town. They gave a May-pole dance.

STUDENTS of the Riverside School, Jacksonville, Florida, held an exhibit on "fathers' night" at the end of the school year, of all their activities in the Junior Red Cross. They also showed their collection of dolls dressed in the costumes of many countries. The dolls were supposed to represent friendship with other lands, and were called "good-will" dolls. They stood in nice stands and cabinets made specially for them by the boys in their free activity work. These Juniors also dressed one doll in the clothes of an American schoolgirl for their correspondents in Japan. The girls made her dresses and underclothes and pajamas, and the boys made her

enameled clothes hangers and a fine chest for her belongings.

JUNIOR high school students in Grand Haven, Michigan, are very careful to answer all their foreign correspondents before the end of school. Last year they wrote to the Maedchenbuerger-schule in Vienna, Austria:

This is our last day of school and we are hurrying to mail your portfolio before summer vacation begins. You sent us such a beautiful book that we want you to know how we enjoyed it.

The cut-out patterns in paper were very lovely, and drew much interest in an exhibit which we had. We put all the portfolios which we have received on display at this exhibit, and yours was one of the most beautiful.

This time of year it is lovely weather in Grand Haven. People are beginning to swim in Lake Michigan. You know our town is on the shore of that lake. Big boats come into our harbor every day. They carry freight trains or passengers to Milwaukee and Chicago.

We were interested to know that you also have classes in child care and sewing. Besides these, the girls take cooking and home management in our school, and the boys take manual training. The boys have a very fine archery club this year and made some beautiful



bows. Archery is becoming popular lately.

In our school each Friday we have what we call assemblies. All the students sit in one big hall and we have a program. The various students mostly put on the program. They give little plays, play musical instruments, recite pieces or entertain in some fashion. Before the year is over, each student is supposed to have taken part.

We have seen some of the cards made by Professor Cizek's Art Class in Vienna. They are very clever and pretty.

We are enjoying our foreign correspondence very much this year and hope to continue it.

THE work of the American J. R. C. some years ago in Czechoslovakia is still kindly remembered there. A short time ago they sent this letter:

At the festival meeting in celebration of the ten years of the Czechoslovak Junior Red Cross, we remember with gratitude all the great work which was done by the American workers ten years ago and also the moral and financial assistance with which the American Red Cross endeavored to help the Czechoslovak Junior Red Cross when it first started. Especially we bear in mind the initiative of Dr. MacCracken, the great organizing work of Miss Harrison and the constant friendship of the late Mr. Arthur Dunn. We wish the American Junior Red Cross every success in its work.

THE Lincoln School, New Britain, Connecticut, sent \$26.72 for the National Children's Fund. This was earned by children chiefly by making May baskets and filling them with homemade candy. Baskets were sold on May Day by girls wearing Red Cross caps.

JUNIORS of Brunswick, Maine, signed up for regular hours, once a week during the summer, to help in the baby clinic. One ten-year-old was assistant during weighing hours, handling the file cards on which the babies' records were kept, and others helped in the rest of the filing and clerical work.

ALBUQUERQUE, New Mexico, Indian School Juniors received this interesting letter from Terrace School Circles, Well-



Twenty-six Juniors of Indianola, Mississippi, passed their life-saving test. On the last day of the course one of them actually did save a smaller boy's life

ton, New Zealand, in answer to an album:

I am writing on behalf of Junior Red Cross Circle No. 3 to thank you for the portfolio which you so kindly sent us.

No doubt your members will be pleased to hear that your portfolio has been sent to Government House for Her Excellency Lady Bledisloe to peruse.

We were all very interested in the drawing of a cowboy riding a horse. In your next letter would you please enclose some drawings by the same boy?

FRANKLIN SCHOOL, San Francisco, California, sent this interesting letter to their correspondents in Latvia, acknowledging the album they had received:

Your portfolio was received a short time ago. How delighted we were to get it! It seemed to carry us right into your little town. When we turned the last pages and found your photographs, we felt that we really knew every one of you.

It is a fine thing to exchange letters and portfolios, I think. We learn a great deal about each other. We realize that we are all very much alike, although thousands of miles away and a great ocean separates us.

Our school term is closing now. We have only fourteen more school days, so next term we shall send you another portfolio. We hope it will interest you as much as yours interested our whole school.

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Pictures of the trip to Switzerland of the Junior group from Hornback in Odenwald, Germany, last summer. Beginning in the upper left corner they show: The bridge over the Rhine near the falls; On the Axen Road; On the Little Weidegg; Folk dances on the Grimsel; Good friends; In the zoo at Basel. Two years ago this group was the guest of the Junior Red Cross of Embach, a little village high in the Austrian Alps

